

Philadelphia LEE & WALKER 120 Walnut 85 New Orleans W.T. MAYO 355 Camp 85





B.

Mild as the saure of thine eyes.

Soft as the halo beam above,
In tender whispers still it sighs,
Forget me not, my life my love!
There where my last steps turned away,
Wet eyes shall touch the sacred apot,
And this sweet flower be heard to say,
Forget! ah no! forget me not!

Yet deep azure leaves within

Is seen the blighted has of care;
And what that secret grief had been,
The drooping stem may well declare.
The dew drops on its leaves are tears,
That ask, 'Am I so soon forgot!'
Repeating still, amidst their fears,
My life, my love! forget me not!